GREAT BRITAINS Bitter Lamentation OVER THE DEATH OF THEIR Most Valiant, and Most Puissant GENERAL George Lord Monck, Lord Duke of *Albemarle*, &c.

LONDON:

Printed by *Tho. Johnson* for *William Miller*, at the Gilded Acorn in St. *Pauls* Church-yard, near the Little North door. 1670.

Great Britains Bitter Lamentation, &c.

GReat *DUKE*, the Wonder of theſe later Times!
When, ſince the *Judges* rul'd long dead & gone,
We were, as *Judah*, puniſh'd for our Crimes,
He, like to *Jephtha*, *Sampſon*, *Gideon*,
Was rais'd Deliverer us to reſtore,
When men afflicted, did Gods aid implore.
2. The Scriptures ſay that *Moſes* face did ſhine
So bright, that *Iſrael* durſt not come near,
Till with a Vail he hid thoſe Rays Divine,
That ſtruck the Rebels with a pannick fear;
Our Leader was by Nature vail'd, which Hue,
He remov'd, when he Rebellion ſlew.
3. He ſtood behinde a Curtain, where he ſaw
Others, himſelf unſeen; and for a ſpace,
When that he pleas'd, he would the Curtain draw,
Opening the Caſement, the *Amnion* of 's Face:
And wiſe men ſay, Great Honors win he ſhall,
That 's born with 's Face wrapt in his Mothers *Caul*.
4. If ever man had *Gyges* Ring, 'twas he,
To walk inviſible, and not be ſeen;
Yet his juſt Actions did with Light agree,
As if that Maſque he wore had never been;
He us'd it not works wicked to conceal,
But ſecret Plots of Rebels to reveal.
5. When long Inteſtine Wars this Land annoy'd,
Our fair *Andromeda* ſought to devour,
This Dragon was at laſt by him deſtroy'd,
Bringing in again the Lawful Power,
Freeing the Captive-People from their Chains,
And will be famous whileſt the World remains.

6. The

6. The Land as with an Earthquake rose,
And many years we ſought for help in vain;
'Twas not an eaſie Task he undertook,
To bring three Kingdoms dead, to Life again;
Great Britains Bars and Bolts rent in ſunder,
No man bore the weight Lord *Monck* ſtood under.
7. 'Twixt Hope and Fear mens mindes were divided;
Our Woe or Weal ſtood on that Days Succeſs,
Lord *Monck*'s the Umpire by whom all 's decided,
On him then lay three Kingdoms Happineſs;
He held the Ballance, and next under God,
He then had leave to keep, or burn the Rod.
8. Some doubt, ſome rage, ſome wonder, others pray,
Some boldly ask the Queſtion, Who is this!
That ſtormy Winds, and boiſt'rous Seas obey,
On whom depends our chiefeſt Earthly Bliſs?
This is Lord *Monck* ne're to be forgotten,
His Name ſhall live when we are dead and rotten.
9. Let his *Epicæds* and *Threnodies* have room
Within your *Archives*, always to be found,
And let his *Statue* to the Day of Doom,
With Kings and Princes ſtand on equal ground;
That as th' ungrateful World doth flit away,
Theſe may be Witneſſes another day.
10. Remember but the ſtreights that we were in,
When this ſtout Heros for us bravely drew
His Conquering Sword, which paſt through thick and thin,
Till all our Enemies he did ſubdue,
Yet by his Prudence made the Conqueſt good,
The like ne'r heard, ſcarce ſpilt one drop of blood.
11. For he obſerv'd a middle Courſe to ſteer,
And then at Anchor would he ſafely ride,
Nor *Sylla*, nor *Carybdis* did he fear,
He left them both ſometimes on either ſide;
Keeping an even Trace, as he thought meet,
As wiſe as *Dædalus* that fled from *Creet*.
12. No man but he that ſayl'd upon this *Rhomb*,
Like to the South, the North-weſt Paſſage found,

Which prov'd to be the shortest *Loxodrome*,
To all that were for his long Voyage bound;
He chose one Point i'th' Compass, that did bend
Directly to the Port he did intend.
13. 'Gainst Wind and Tide it was in vain to strive,
The Current ran too strong for to prevail,
When others sunk, he kept himself alive,
He fetcht a Compass, and let fall his Sail;
Like *Jason* and his *Arganauts* of *Greece*,
That sayl'd to *Colchis* for the *Golden Fleece*.
14. Or like the *Sun* within the *Zodiack*,
By the First Mover forc'd another away;
At the same time he did two Motions make,
And by Degrees got forward every day;
Though the diurnal Waft did him confine,
He mounts to th' *Tropick* by a *Spiral Line*.
15. He fought to make those Words prophetick good,
Stampt on the *Georges* by Royal Command,

Religio Protestantium, Salus Regni, Libertas Populi Anglicani.

For which our Sovereign *Charles* did spend his Blood,
To keep down Anarchy with's sacred Hand;
Preferring always before his own Health,
The Kingdoms, Churches, and the Peoples Wealth.
16. This Honour he obtain'd by Loyalty,
True Valour's always faithful to the Crown,
From hence let all men learn Fidelity,
Kings ne'r want Subjects to pull Rebels down;
We love his Memory most for this thing,
He made three Kingdoms say, *God save the King*.
17. Some are to Kings, and some to Subjects dear,
Its hard to finde a Man can please them all;
Such was his Merit whilest he lived here,
He was belov'd of both in general;
Maugre all malice, and his Foes despite,
He was the Kings, and Subjects Favorite.

18. In

18. In Wars none nam'd but *Monck*, Lord General,
In Peace a true Monaſtique Life he lead,
Sequeſtred from the world, ſcarce nam'd at all;
As not alive, but dead and buried:
The day he made our Peace, he rang his Knell,
Firſt did our work, then bid us all farewel.
19. Stout as *Hercules*, yet refuſing Praiſe,
For when the Souldiers gave him praiſe was due,
He ſtrove for to divide the Crown of Bays;
Part of that Praiſe, ſaith he, belongs to you.
Debetur Gloria vobis, Non ſolus vici.
Moſes for Meekneſs, and in ſetting forth,
The mildeſt Eſteemer of his own worth.
20. No noiſe were heard, when greateſt things were done,
As if not willing that the world ſhould know.
The deepeſt Rivers ever ſtilleſt run,
The ſhallow Streams do murmur as they go;
All things he did, the reaſon may be geſt,
Were forg'd within the Shop of his own Breſt.
21. The ſturdy *Sword-Fiſh* that came poſting in,
To bring ſad News of what ſhould ſhortly fall,
Told us that God was angry for our ſin,
Would take from us our *Worthy General*;
Whoſe Death three Nations ought to lament,
We pray God ſend us grace for to repent.
22. We know not yet the Treaſure we have loſt,
Nor ſhould we want, ſcarce for to finde his like,
When things were out of order turn'd and toſt,
Then was the Iron hot for him to ſtrike;
His Valour and his Wiſdom joyntly ſtand,
'Tis hard to ſay which had the upper-hand.
23. A faithful Friend at need to Monarchy,
Th' oppreſt Subjects Helper to their Right,
Rebuilder of Collapſed Hierarchy,
The plundred Lawyers Advocate by might;
Thus all Degrees, as I pay mine in Verſe,
Owe ſomething as a Tribute to his Herſe.

24. The Prince and Peoples Joy, Phanatiques Rod,
Reſtorer of the Breach; what ſhall we ſay?
Great Britains Paladium, ſent from God,
Whoſe valiant Acts no Time can waſh away:
He was both lov'd and fear'd, and knew full well,
Were it in Peace, or War, for to excel.
25. Read all the Hiſtories were pen'd of old,
Search all the Monuments that you can finde,
Count all the famous Stories that are told,
Call the *Nine Worthies*, and the reſt to minde;
Thoſe that moſt dear to them their Countreys held,
Our Loſs is more than can be paraHel'd.
26. Let no Detractors from him derogate,
Saying, As much ſome other might have done,
He doubtleſs was the Man ordain'd by Fate,
None proſper'd like him ſince the Wars begun;
St. *George for England* men were wont to call,
With him compar'd, was St. *George* Typical.
27. To ſhew in time another *George* ſhould come,
To whom moſt Subjects ſhould due Homage pay;
At laſt St. *George* ſucceeded in his room,
Whom cruel Death hath lately ſnatcht away;
Let all true Hearts lament with doleful cryes,
Let Tears like Rivers trickle from your eyes.
28. This Winter cold began to grow ſo ſtrong,
When we began his Death for to bemoan;
Great fear there was ſhould it continue long,
All men, like *Niobe*, would freeze to ſtone,
Becauſe we were of him we lov'd bereft,
Reſolv'd to weep till there's no moiſture left.
29. The Land is dark, whilſt moſt are cloth'd in black,
Ninety 's the Elevation of our Pole,
Or elſe our Sun is ſome Degrees gone back,
To give the People leave for to condole
Our Loſs; no Drapers can ſupply our Needs,
That all that would be clad in Mourning-weeds.
30. Such publick Perſons cannot die alone,
A general Mortality we dread;

The *Choice* he made, ſoon after him was gone,
Living no longer, when her Lord was dead;
The Stars that are depriv'd of the Suns light,
Do loſe their luſtre, waxing dark as Night.
31. Yet he hath left a gallant Sprout behinde,
A hopeful Plant to ſtand up in his room,
To keep his *Grace's* Vertues ſtill in minde,
A richer Monument than any Tomb
Of Braſs or Marble; the Juſt cannot die,
Juſt men are in Eternal Memory.
32. Quarter this Iſle, and at each Corner ſet
Pyramides of Braſs, and place them thus
With rich Inſcriptions, men may ne'r forget
What our Tutelar Saint hath done for us,
Uniting Hearts divided, ſetling Peace,
As when the Winds are laid, the Billows ceaſe.
33. When true Nobility was quite forgot,
And Gentry from Pageantry were not known;
When moſt men ſeem'd to be what they were not;
And no man living knew what was his own,
He pull'd their Vizards off, and did decree
Who had the Right, no *Blepharo* but he.
34. The Weſt his Birth count their chiefeſt Glory,
The Conquer'd *Scotch* extol him in the North,
The beaten *Dutch* will be the Eaſtern Story,
The South his Life and Worthy Deeds ſet forth.
The *Eaſt*, the *Weſt*, the *North*, the *South* remain
Debters to his ſtrong Heart, and prudent Brain.
35. As *Sampſon* did by Night, when he by Day,
Pull'd down the City Gates with might and main,
They fear'd he would have carry'd them away;
He pull'd them down, to ſet them up again:
For which they claim, as he oblig'd them all,
To be Chief Mourners at his Funeral.
36. To mourn as men without hope, is forbid,
For they that die, to Life again ſhall riſe,
And therefore was *Moſes* dead Body hid,
Leſt th' unbelieving Jews ſhould idolize

Funeral Pomps for great Thankſgiving,
The Dead gain nothing by't, but the Living.
37. The Name of *George* was famous long before,
As if there lay ſome Vertue in that Name,
Say but St. *George*, you need to ſay no more
To ſcare the Rebels, and Fanaticks tame:
George Duke of *Buckingham*, whoſe Fame loud rings,
Was moſt belov'd of ſubjects, by two Kings.
38. More might be ſaid, which can give no offence,
Of Famous *Georges*, both in Church and State,
For their good Deeds, 't is the laſt Recompence,
That mortal men may have immortal Date:
We muſt forbear, it cannot be expreſt
The Joys they finde in Everlaſting Reſt.
39. When Great *Guſtavus* Honors did confer
On Warlike Perſons that deſerv'd it beſt,
Noble Lord *Craven* then he did prefer,
Giving him Honor far above the reſt;
In ſuch like words, Sword flouriſht o're his head,
Riſe up beſt Souldier ever England *bred.*
40. Who can dam up our overflowing Teats?
Or ſtanch the Wound that yet ſo fiercely bleeds?
The Land is fill'd with Jealouſies and Fears,
Till one for Valour like his *GRACE* ſucceeds;
Whilſt the world laſts, let ſuch men never ceaſe,
To fight our Battels, and preſerve our Peace.

Vivat Rex Maximus Carolus Secundus, *& Illuſtriſſimus* Jacobus *Dux* Eboracenſis, *& tota Inclytiſſima Progenies Regalis,*

Animitùs precatur.

Inſigniſſimi Caroli Richmondiæ *&* Lenoxii, *Ducis, Capellanus humilimus, & Rector Parochiæ de* Fotes-Cray, *in Comitatu* Kantij.

Johannes Rowland.

FINIS.